FREE-AND-EASY TRAVEL

A SENSIBLE AND PLEASANT WAY TO GO ABROAD.

Seeing England on Foot and by Boat. Pedestrianism in Switzerland—The Greatest Enjoyment by the Simplest Means.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 20.—The new, the different, the unhackneyed is what human nature demands, especially in its pleasures; yet it is almost the last thing it seeks in its travels. To do just what one's neighbor has done seems to be the line marked out for most people's wandering.

"Why should one go abroad!" sighs the Fifth avenue belle; "Paris is only New York set in asphalt." Nevertheless she hies herself across the sea and pitches her temporary tent upon the asphalt because her friend in the next block, or her cousin around the corner, is about to do the same. The boulevards and parklets of the French capital are twice as familiar to her as the unfashionable quarters of her own city: but it does not occur to her either to search out something new at home, or to leave the beaten path abroad.

Yet in every country in Europe there are such pleasant ways of spending a summer's leisure without haunting the big cities or yawning over the stock sights. Of course, the enjoyment of these ways presupposes an absence of craving for pavements and plate glass, some individuality of taste, some genuine love of nature. But these are really much more salient characteristics of the average traveler than is commonly supposed, and he often requires only the right direction and impulse to quickly develop them. Almost everybody who has read "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" said "What a delightful thing to do!" And when the accounts of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's coaching tours through England were given to the public, many added, in the refrain of Clough's well-known poem, "How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho! how pleasant it is to have money!"

But you need not be a millionaire to approximate in simple fashion to these chronicled delights; and because you may not fill the box seat on a coach and six, there is no reason why you should scorn a basket wagon and one. Indeed, to quiet folk the latter is full as likely to bring satisfaction as the former, and would in any case have this great advantage, that there could be little opportunity for conflict of taste among the few occupants of a small carriage; whereas, in a big one the party, to be compatible, must needs be most tactfully chosen.

A gentleman and lady, who are going to England for the coming summer, have planned to take a drive through that most delightful of counties—Warwickshire—tracing out the nooks and corners that George Eliot has made dear to the hearts of her readers—all the way on from "Griff," the country home on the road from Coventry to Nuneaton, where Mary Ann Evans passed her girl life. Within the limits of this same green shire there are, too, the fascinating ruins of Kenilworth, whence no truth of history shall tear the ghost of Amy Robsart; and Stratford peacefully sleeping beneath the mantle of Shakespeare's greatness; and Warwick Castle, that ideal feudal home; and dozens of other places within a stone's throw of each other, so to speak, among which it is a never-ceasing delight to wander. If a carriage journey be not feasible, Leamington—the famous and charming old spa—is an excellent point whence to make trips, and the remotest edges of the county are easily within a day's excursion. Perhaps the greatest pleasure of such nomadism is reserved for the genteel "tramps," those happy persons who like to, and are able to walk. It is not pedestrianism in any strict sense; for pedestrianism seems to imply some form of resolve, some conscious and determined physical effort; whereas, walking in the midland and southern counties of England, where the turf springs under one's feet, and the roads and by-ways are like park paths, walking becomes only a purposeful lounging out of doors. In the lovely lake country of Westmorelandshire riding is "worse than a crime—it is a blunder;" not only because you may walk with the shades of Wordsworth, and Southey, and Coleridge, but because human feet may penetrate recesses where wheels and hoofs cannot go.

For those who will not walk, and do not wish to ride, there is yet another opportunity, and that is upon the water. In this country of great rivers we are apt to regard the streams of Great Britain as unimportant, except for pictorial purposes. But, however limited is their commercial utility, their value to the leisurely searcher after the picturesque is unquestioned. To start from London in a roomy and comfortable boat—hired either for a definite or indefinite time—with a congenial friend or two, and the shawlstrap luggage of experienced travelers, and row slowly up the Thames, stopping wherever fancy pleases to make détours on foot, or for food and lodging at the charming inns on shore, is perhaps to enjoy the one perfect holiday of a lifetime, It may cover a week, or a month, without ever becoming monotonous; it never can be hurried by any sense of timetables and close connections, or despoiled of its romance by the thought of ultimate swallowtails and *tables d'hôte*. It may be pursued by the light of the slowly awakening dawn, the full splendor of noontide or under the stars and the moon, and no soulless corporation can compel you to start at one hour, or declare that you are due at another. If you become infected with this form of midsummer madness, you can go nearly all over England in a boat by means of its interlacing canals and little rivers.

For pedestrianism, in its truest and most fascinating sense, one must go to Switzerland. There it may be enjoyed by everybody without the necessity of climbing Monte Rosa or scaling the Matterhorn. Indeed, except for the pleasure experienced mountaineers feel in reaching some unusual elevation, there is little gained in great ascents, as the atmosphere is too rarefied for most lungs, the temperature too cold for comfort and the views almost invariably obscured by clouds. But the tramps through the valleys, and over and about the less ambitious heights, along the dry bed of former glistening streams, an occasional scramble across an impeding ice gorge, is exciting enough for most amateur walkers. It is unnecessary to overdo; for there are plenty of short excursions to "train" in, and in the elixir of the Alpine air it is possible to accomplish, absolutely unfatigued, what on a lower level, and in a moist atmosphere, would be completely exhausting. Chamounix is an admirable base for excursions, although it is also conventional enough to be approached by diligence over an excellent road from Geneva. Then Interlaken, with the endless opportunities of the Bernese Oberland within easy distance, and Meiringen, in the midst of the glaciers, and Samarden, the key to the lovely Engadine, and the dozens of points that rise in mind at the thought of a summer tramp in the Alpine Republic. All that is needed for a trip of this kind is a fair degree of health, keen enjoyment of outdoor life, stout shoes, simple, tough garments, an alpenstock and abundance of good temper, the last the most needful of all. Luggage can always be sent ahead to meet one at accessible points, and this tedious responsibility of ordinary travel be thus avoided.

It is the writer's observation that where women once taste of the pleasures of pedestrianism, they become to the full as enthusiastic in its enjoyment as men, while its effect upon their health is quite remarkable. During some experience in Switzerland it was noticed that of the few women walkers the Americans invariably showed higher "tone," and exhibited more "staying power" than the women of any other nationality, not excepting the English, who have long been counted supreme as foot-women. The peculiar elasticity of the American temperament appears to be physical, no less than mental, and produces a quality of "go" which more phlegmatic natures do not have.

These few suggestions have so overflowed their allotted space that there is no chance to mention a horse-back or walking tour through the Black forest, the amusing monotony of a *trechschuit* trip on a Dutch canal, or a cross-country drive through Norway, in addition to the famous sea trip to the North Cape. All these have their special attractions, and no one need fear sameness in a European vacation who will give a little thought to its possibilities of variation. The great difficulty of most travelers in most countries is that they take no pains before they start to inform themselves, either through the study of guide-books or independent research, concerning what they want, and want not to see and do, and when, where and how they can see and do it. Hence, upon transatlantic arrival, they find themselves hampered by a childish ignorance, and in order to save their time and temper resign themselves to the most frequented routes and largest centres. A little prevision, and a very limited knowledge of foreign tongues makes it possible to enjoy the pleasure of being an explorer in the heart of civilization.

MARGARET ANTHON.

A SPEECH PRESERVER.

Some Valuable Hints to Orators, Young and Old.

[Original.]

All the books on oratory that have ever been written omit the only important rule for an orator to observe. This rule is of service to all speakers, good, bad and indifferent, and practically is worth more than all the rules of Quintilian, Whately, Quackenboss and their kin. It aids the best speaker and prevents the worst from making a fool of himself.

This is the rule: Begin to study, think over or commit your speech to memory at its end, not at its beginning.

The prosperity of a speech depends upon its peroration, not its exordium. Indeed, to begin stumbling and to end flying is itself a clever trick of rhetoric, and makes an agreeable climax. A speaker oftener begins flying and ends in a slough. The reason is obvious: he has thought out the first part of his speech clearly, but he trusts to the syren inspiration for the rest.

A striking instance: During the oil excitement years ago, I passed a few weeks at the city of Pithole, Venango county. An election was held while I was there, and two or three thousand men gathered before the main hotel, the only spot where you could stand an hour without sinking over head and ears in mud. Here thick planks had been laid in the street, on which the sidewalk looked down from a height of five feet.

The street for a hundred yards was crowded thicker than a sardine box with an oily mass of good natured rapscallionadoes, while millionaires, swindlers and men of genius thronged the sidewalk.

In a nascent society most men who can write their names are eager to make their mark. The occasion seemed inviting to so generous an ambition. Look! there is Plum McCalmott; he is thinking busily how he can stamp the general mind with his own seal. A moment later he advanced to the edge of the sidewalk, and in answer to calls of "Speech!" "Speech!" stretches forth an arm whose grace would make a pump handle envious.

During half a dozen sentences he holds his audience spellbound; but, alas! he does not know my rule. He has begun at the wrong end. Like the carnal philosopher, he is trying to reason from the known to the unknown. Look! he has got to the end of his memory; he falters, he stumbles, he catches at a sentence, at a word, at a breath. A derisive laugh greets the nascent statesman. Some one pushes him from behind; he totters a moment on the edge of the sidewalk, over he goes, and disappears like a brick in an oil tank.

Five more statesmen after McCalmott, all of them heavy purses and big brains, rose and fell like rockets, each in as many minutes. What would they not have given for my rule?

Suddenly Todd, Barnes, Gregory and other mischievous spirits called out my name, and before I could refuse I found myself pushed to the sidewalk's perilous edge. Fortunately my instinct had forewarned me of danger, and I had thought over a dozen sentences with which to end a speech.

Like Plato, and all great reasoners, I began with the unknown. I floundered about a few minutes in the infinite, and was about to be pushed headlong into the human flood, when I let fly a sentence I had committed to memory. Then after dallying awhile with danger, I began the closing part of my speech, and ended like the blinding lightning.

The audience were delighted, and had I wished to grow up or rather grow down with the country—for of the five thousand then inhabitants there remain but a baker's dozen—I might have become a justice of the peace and of the quorum.

WILLIAM WASHBURN.

NEW YORK, May 21.

MYSTERIES OF THE HAND

WHAT A PALMISTER SAYS OF ONE OF THE OLDEST OF OCCULT ARTS.

Character Determines the Hand. The Hand a True Index to the Mind—Hands of Successful Men.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, May 21.—A company of men and women of the thinking, talking, investigating order of humanity were discussing the revival of occultism in a spirited manner. "Tell us something about palmistry," said one of the ladies.

The man appealed to, Mr. R. A. Campbell, had written a book called "Mysteries of the Hand," and took great pride in his knowledge of palmistry. He smilingly and confidently rose and launched into his subject:

"Palmistry, formerly called chiromancy, is," said he, "one of the oldest of the occult arts. It once ranked among the learned arts, and was recognized as one of the sacred and peculiar gifts. Priests, philosophers and oracles studied and practised it as an esoteric accomplishment. Then, within the present century, when we began to think ourselves so wise that we had no longer any use for souls, palmistry as well as many other things fell into disrepute. It was relegated to charlatans and tricksters, and lived only among the class of people that respectability cuts.

"Now, however, it is having a revival among the intellectual, who take it up as an amusement or new interest. As we all know, queer theories of all kinds are coming into favor. To apply a term of the fashion writers to mental clothing, we might say that theories are cut particularly broad this spring, and 'isms' never were so much worn nor so profusely garnished."

I will interrupt the palmister long enough to say that this assertion is true twice over. The reaction from the assertive materialism of the few past years has begun very actively, and promises to be warm and prolonged. Anything that leans toward faith and away from the grim theories of what we call science is taken up with delight by a science-worn people. Then, the beauty of the human hand is only now becoming generally appreciated. The manicure has done something toward giving the hand its rightful place. She has made them so beautiful that they have an artistic as well as industrial value.

The palmister went on and quoted from the Bible to show that Job believed that a man's character is written in his hand. "The palms of the hands He covers over with light." Then he continued:

"The Egyptians believed in palmistry, and the Greeks copied it from them. Josephus refers to the art with respect. Socrates, Aristotle, Plato and other eminent Greeks were palmisters. The Romans took it from the Greeks and became experts in it; but in their hands it degenerated into a disreputable art. Quite a revival of it took place in the Seventeenth century.

"The two ablest exponents of modern palmistry are Captain D'Arpentigney and Professor Desbarrolles, both Frenchmen. D'Arpentigney discards the idea of divination or 'astral influence,' merely reading from the hand the character of the owner, as its shape and physiognomy reveals it. Desbarrolles pursues the art as a profession, and believes in planetary influence."

"How did you learn it, Mr. Campbell?"

"From a gypsy, originally, when I was a boy. Then I seemed to have what they call a 'gift' for it, and when I grew older I studied it from books and observation. I don't pretend to tell by reading the hand the events that are going to happen to any one. I tell the traits, characteristics, tastes, physical and mental capacities."

"What class of people show the most interest and faith in palmistry?"

The speaker smiled rather knowingly, but said: "You would be surprised if I were to tell you that the intelligent class take more interest in it than the ignorant. You can't satisfy an ignorant person by telling him, as a phrenologist would, what his capabilities are, what special line of usefulness he can pursue with the best prospect of success. He wants to have his 'fortune told'—to know when and how often he will marry, if he will get rich, when he will die, and all that. An intelligent person knows that the art of palmistry doesn't go so far, and is satisfied with the character reading."

"Do intelligent men and women believe that a phrenologist or palmister can tell them more about themselves than they already know?"

The speaker smiled again significantly. "It is curious, but nevertheless true," he said, "that nothing is so interesting to mortal man as himself. He may think he knows himself thoroughly, but he likes to have his own opinions confirmed. It gives him a thrill of pleasure to hear some one else express opinions as to his ability which he has secretly cherished. It builds up his self-confidence, and in that way actually helps to develop his latent qualities.

"Mark you, I do not say that a man is a poet, musician, orator or artisan because he has certain features, lines or mounts in his hands, but, being of a certain character, and in possession of certain powers, has hands revealing that character and best adapted to use those powers. The soul is the real man and the body is the material manifestation of the man. The body exists and subsists from the spirit, and for its use, and changes naturally, only and solely in obedience to the power and direction of the spirit. It can be changed mechanically by outside forces, but it can be developed only by the spiritual and vital forces working within it. The soul is constantly developing its body of flesh. Every outline and peculiarity not the result of some objective opposition or injuring accident is the result of the character and development of the inner man.

"These things are but dimly guessed at even by those we call intelligent; but I believe, as certainly as I believe I am now talking, that the body is a representation—a revelation, if you will—of the man, and a record of his life. Every human being is constantly incarnating desires, thoughts and acts in fleshy lineaments into quality and form, color and expression.

"The hand is the immediate servant of the will. It represents the man—is, indeed, a true index of the mind in minutia. The 'eyes of the hand' are the finger tips. Whenever sight is doubted we confirm the fact by touch.

"The thumb is the great feature of the hand. Upon its length, strength, proportion and mobility depend the power of the hand. That was a beautiful thing which Jacob Boehm, the German seer, said of this servant of the will: 'The hands signify God's omnipotence, for as God in nature can change all things, and make of them what he pleases, so man, also, can with his hands change all material things, and change them as he pleases. He rules with his hands the materials of nature, and so they very well signify the omnipotence of God.'"

"Are there many hands alike?"

"No two faces are exactly alike; no two persons have hands alike; no pair of hands are exact duplicates. The differences in those most alike are really many, when pointed out by a careful observer. The right hand shows the direction the individual is traveling and the progress made in modifying original tendencies and abilities into actual character. The left hand indexes the person's natural inclinations and peculiarities. In cases of left-handed people this rule is reversed. In short, the passive hand exhibits the character from which the person is growing, while the active hand indexes the character as developed.

The palm of the hand shows physical strength, endurance, activity and temperament. It is also a health bulletin. It shows the appetites and inclinations, the desires, affinities and repulsions. The lower part, next the wrist, indicates animal strength and instincts; the middle the power and quality of the brain and nerves; the upper part the force and character of the emotions.

"Large hands are the hands that do or work. The person with large hands naturally executes his plans, acts out his impulses, materializes his thoughts. Large hands are characterized by completeness in the performance, rather than fertility of theories. Small hands reveal themselves by magnitude, grace, generalities. The pyramids and monoliths of Egypt and the temples of India were planned and superintended by a people celebrated as having the smallest and most delicate hands in the world. The model Greek hand, as shown in the ideal statues, is large, with a moderately thick palm and a prominent thumb.

"The medium-sized hand, in fair proportion with the body, is the hand that will do or delegate the doing best. James B. Eads, who originated the great tubular steel bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis, and planned the jetties, has very small hands. Henry Flad, who worked out the details of construction and calculated the details of strain and tension, has large, efficient hands. Abraham Lincoln, who gave personal attention to matters usually trusted to subordinates, had very large hands. Jay Gould, who forms immense plans, but does all his work through subordinates, has small, short hands.

"The hard hand indicates one who easily puts forth continued action, endures in physical effort and delights in energetic activity. The elastic or sinewy hand loves rapid, skillful activity. It is characterized by energy rather than endurance. Soft hands belong to one who labors with fatigue and weariness. In all occult matters the thumb plays a prominent part. It indicates the intelligent will. In general, a large thumb shows decision of character, persistency of purpose, therefore is apt to belong to one likely to succeed. A small thumb shows one who is vacillating and uncertain in his aims, intermittent and changeable in his efforts.

"Short fingers indicate one who sees in general, examines only the mass, comprehends the *tout ensemble*. Long fingers indicate one who sees the parts, appreciates the details and understands the minutiæ. Slightly tapering fingers indicate one growing in the direction of ideality. Fingers lying close together so that no light is seen between them, especially if the fingers are irregular, suggest avarice, secrecy and general selfishness. Famous instrumental musicians, celebrated marksmen, skillful gymnasts and artisans are apt to have square finger ends. Pointed finger ends attest a person fanciful, erratic, romantic, impractical, changeable, sometimes unreliable—always peculiar.

"Long nails indicate a peacemaker, one who will bear much for the sake of quiet, and is steadfast in friendship. Short nails belong to one who will assert his rights. Large white half moons at the base of the nails announce a frank, open-hearted person, who naturally speaks his thoughts and tells his plans and purposes. He may keep a secret, but it requires an effort. The naturally secretive person is not apt to have any sign of half moons. Pale spots on the nails, especially near the base, indicate disease of the nerves and an inclination to melancholy."

This isn't all the professor said on the subject of hands, but it is all I can remember.

EBBON OLIVER.

Portraits of the Generals.

[Norristown Herald.]

One can't look at the portraits of the Russian and Afghanistan generals and officials in the newspapers without thinking of the remark made by the little girl at the tea-table anent her big-whiskered and bald-headed uncle. They all seem to have been born with their heads put on upside down.

Novelties of the Catalogue.

[Chicago Herald.]

When tempted to buy largely of any highly praised and highly priced novelty in flowers, fruits or vegetables get some plant, seed or nursery catalogue printed a dozen years ago and figure out what percentage of the new introductions for that year have fulfilled the fair promise made by their disseminators.

The Poor and the Rich.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

In proportion to their numbers the poor and ignorant are less criminal than the rich. They are more unselfish, more generous, more industrious, in proportion to their numbers than the rich. A man's integrity cannot be predicted in any degree upon his financial condition.

There are living in New York state over 100,000 French Canadians.

SOME UGLY OLD ERRORS

WHERE THE METAPHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY BEGINS AND ENDS.

How Cruelty to Animals was Inculcated. What Man Allows to the Inferior Orders of Creation—The Sensible and Supersensible.

[Original.]

During all the ages that have elapsed since he began to reflect upon his own phenomena, and to entertain questions in respect to his own destiny, man has been studious to assert the superiority of his own over all the other families of creatures by which the earth is inhabited, on the ground of his exclusive possession of that congeries of spiritual faculties and activities upon which—according to the point of view from which it is considered—he has bestowed the titles of soul, mind, reason and intellect. In his contemplation, reason is the peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of humanity. That he is indebted for this property to a special act of divine benefaction; that its conferment was designed at once to establish and to symbolize a relationship of essential community and mutuality of interest between himself and his transcendent patron, and his primacy over all the other orders of the animate creation, is a point he never ceases to affirm nor intermits his efforts to demonstrate.

It is the disposition of humanity to attach the idea of special worth to whatever property, faculty or capacity is peculiarly its own. No sooner did man come into possession of the idea that mind is the distinctive attribute of his species than he began to commend himself on account of its ownership. A gift of so much dignity was evidence, not to be disputed, of the favor of his creator, and of his title to dominion within the range of his environment. He alone has been lighted up, by the author of all things, with a spark of his own immortal intelligence. In him the natural and the supernatural are miraculously conjoined; and while, through his material organism, he is related to the conditioned and perishable upon one side, through his psychical constitution he is allied to the unconditioned and the indestructible on the other.

The effects of this persuasion are discoverable in two directions: 1. In persistent attempts, by introspective methods, to obtain objective evidence of its validity, of which the results thus far have not been as unequivocal as would have been desired; and (2) in a propensity so to exalt the intellectual above the other ingredients of the psychical constitution as virtually to deny their existence, and to banish them altogether beyond the jurisdiction of his philosophy. Groping blindly in the penetralia of his own interior in search of proof of his divinity; striving vainly to bridge the chasm between the sensible and the supersensible in the hope to extend his explorations beyond the region of his consciousness, and, with a sense of failure in his heart, dealing sophistically with his own intelligence in attempts to convince himself that he has succeeded, man has manifested the impotency of his reason under the dominion of his conceit, and has perpetuated the clearest possible proofs of his littleness in his abortive essays to illustrate his own immensity. His case is that of one who puts the records of heraldry to torture for evidence of his nobility instead of creating it by a course of conduct corresponding to the dignity to which he pretends.

At what period in the history of the human race, and by what authority the dogma of the immaculate conception of the mind was promulgated, is a question which the records, sacred and secular alike, leave unanswered. Its consequences, however, are distinguishable from the earliest down to the latest ages. They consist (1) in the drawing of an arbitrary line of distinction between the conscious intellect and other elements of the psychical constitution which are only known through their phenomena—the disproportionate exaltation of the one, and the unworthy disparagement or utter denial of the existence of the other; and (2) in the arbitrary division of the total spiritual principles of animate nature into two parts, one of which, under the names of soul, mind or intellect, is appropriated exclusively to humanity, while the other, under the title of instinct, is allotted with equal exclusiveness to the inferior orders of the creation.

The time is past, except in those regions where erudition stands in the light of intelligence and learning presents insuperable impediments to knowledge—that is to say, in the domain of metaphysics—for such notions to find supporters. It is questionable whether, in the distribution of the psychical faculties, man does greater injustice to the brutes or to himself. The former have, without doubt, been the severest losers, under this system of anticipated ignorance. The dogma of the earliest philosophers that the orders of inferior criminals are simply automata, destitute of feelings, sensibilities, the capacity for suffering or enjoyment, consciousness of right and wrong, aptitudes for friendship and enmity—which has been and still continues to be the cause of an inconceivable amount of cruelty—is the natural and necessary concomitant of that canonization of the intellect in which so vast a capital of human vanity is invested.

The philosopher, of course, has freedom to choose the field and the predicates of his speculation. He has the right to measure himself for his undertaking, and his undertaking by himself. But if he sees fit to devote his faculties to a useless and unproductive manipulation—to the marshaling of imaginary forces, or to computations with unknown quantities, the measure of the good he accomplishes should be the measure of the fame he is permitted to enjoy. Any form of anthropological philosophy, in order to be entitled to any respect whatever, must take the actual human being—not the hypothetical man, made up to suit some preconceived theory—as the subject of its inquiries. Did any one ever take the trouble to consider what would be the probable fate of creatures constructed according to the most approved metaphysical formulas from mind and matter of the best qualities, and in such proportions as to be free from objection, either as too spiritual or as too material?

The man of the metaphysicians is a physical and a psychical impossibility. He could no more maintain an existence than a creature whose nervous system has become paralyzed throughout. He could no more survive without instincts than a dog who had suffered the privation of those properties. He could no more reason without the use of intuitive faculties than he could without brains. A plurality of such could no more maintain society than the same number of lay figures; and a philosophy of the metaphysical could not, by any conceivable possibility, be of more practical value to the actual mankind than a philosophy of scarecrows.

It has been claimed in behalf of the supersensible philosophy that, if it is of no immediate economical use to mankind, it has answered an important purpose in elevating its thoughts, purifying its ambition, keeping it in mind of the dignity of its mission, inspiring it with nobler sentiments and lifting it above that domain of the senses in which the lower orders of the creation, wanting its supreme endowment, are imprisoned. If it could be shown that such service has actually been rendered to mankind by this philosophy there would be no denying its usefulness. But beside the fact that this claim stands altogether upon assumption and can only be maintained by uncandid eclecticism in regard to the evidence, there is a principle which denies to humanity any profit whatever from the promulgation or acceptance of unsound dogmas or false systems of ideals. The time is past for holding that error is efficient to keep men in order; much more is it past for affirming that they can be made better or wiser by misinstruction.

The metaphysical philosophy begins and ends in egotism. Its final cause is vanity—the absurd ambition of weak humanity to create a creator in its own image, and then to convince itself of its co-essentiality with the thing it has created. Of all the dogmas which humanity has framed to its own disadvantage, that of the immaculate conception of the mind has been in its consequences the most mischievous. It is not essential to any religious creed or conception. It has debased all the philosophies, anthropological, sociological and educational—at their sources. It has set up inflexible error as an obstacle to knowledge and an impediment to inquiry. It has been the germ of a false erudition to hold the minds of men against the entrance of sound ideas. It has made men conceited in themselves, intolerant of each other and inconsiderate and inhuman in their treatment of the inferior orders of animals. HENRY REED.

CLOVERDALE, Cal., May 16.

BARD AND BLOSSOM.

[Original.]

Ha! my laughing violet,
In your tiny calyx set,
With your winsome eye of blue
Looking all my spirit through,
While you seem to nod and say:
"Old Spring poet, go your way!"

Tell me, roguish little sweet,
Isn't there some small deceit,
Child-like, make-believe pretense,
In that pouting innocence
Of indifference that you show
When these rhymers praise you so?

BENJ. S. PARKER.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q., May 19.

A Millionaire's Appetite.

[The Cook.]

"Plain meats and vegetables, good bread and butter, good milk, sometimes porridge or grits for breakfast, satisfy me," says Jay Gould. "As you may suppose, I find my time filled up pretty well with business, and I certainly find that I can get along better when my food is the plainest of the plain. I have never lost my fondness for the country food I used to be accustomed to in my boyhood, and I think I could relish one of those 'midnight' melons as well as I did then, although I should probably eat it at a different time. Elaborate dinners are terrible things.

"I remember once being at one and eating some dish. I forget the name of it, which was very good, but after which I was sick for a week. Now when I go to them I take a little soup if it is plain, a piece of roast meat or game and some plain potatoes, if I can get them. If not, some peas or in fact any vegetable, provided it is without sauce, for I have found that these sauces, which they put on what would otherwise be good, spoil the food—at least for me. For the rest of the time I sit at the table, play with something on my plate and pass the time as well as I can."

The Next Greatest Reform.

[Leland's Letter.]

Truly, it is a very strange thing, when one comes to reflect on it, that while society has progressed as regards health, comfort, and decency in every way, it has gone backwards as regards cheerful amusement, which is as necessary a factor in a well-spent life, especially for women and the young, as any other. In early ages, in medieval times, and so on till within a century, people of all classes amused themselves intensely with a heartiness and genial abandon such as no person now understands.

Much of it was cruel, much vulgar, but what I wonder at is that, with all our progressive morality, intelligence, and humanity, we have not known how to be joyous and refined. One by one fairs, and processions, and all kinds of out-of-door festivals have been voted low and given up. What gayety we have consists of high classical music in crowded halls by gaslight, where one sits for hours in a pestilent atmosphere, to feel seedy all next day.

In old times the people generally took the day to amuse themselves. No one now could ever spare a day from business, so all pleasure goes on after office hours. The result is overstrung nerves, weakened eyesight, the living two or three lives in one, but that one with 200 or 300 per cent. less real enjoyment in it than people had in theirs of yore. Verily the next, and greatest and best reform for mankind will be to find for it some way to be sociable and merry by daylight, in a healthy manner.

New Zealand's Newspapers.

[Chicago Herald.]

New Zealand, with a population of only 500,000, supports 100 newspapers, thirty of which are daily. In Auckland, a place of 30,000 people, The Star of that city has 10,000 circulation.

Criticising Michigan Cuisine.

[Puck.]

A Michigan paper with considerable display publishes a recipe for a "meatless tomato soup." This ought to be easy. All you have to do is to leave meat out; but let some one try a tomatoless tomato soup if he wants to earn a name for himself